

The Independent.

J. W. ROBERTS.

Dedicated to Agriculture, Mechanics, Arts, News, and General Literature.

Editor and Proprietor.

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WHOLE NUMBER. 217.

The Election.

CANDIDATES.

We are authorized to announce N. COLBY as a candidate for re-election to the office of County Superintendent of Public Instruction.

We are authorized to announce ROBERT CROSKY as a candidate for the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction.

A CARD.

To the Voters of Jefferson County: After repeated solicitations, and the earnest request of most persons having business in the Probate Court, I have consented to the use of my name as a candidate for the office of Probate Judge. The position is one of great responsibility and almost no profit at all, and this, with a natural disinclination to seek office of any kind, caused me to hesitate a considerable time before yielding the point; but if elected, I shall discharge the duties thereof with strict fidelity and to the best of my ability. Should you, however, in your wisdom select some other person to fill the place, I shall most cheerfully "surrender the post" and its cares to his keeping.

J. W. ROBERTS.

We are authorized to announce J. H. BENNETT, Esq., as a candidate for re-election to the office of Clerk of the District Court.

To the Voters of the 19th Representative District:

FELLOW-CITIZENS: I announce myself a candidate to represent your District in the next Legislature. If elected I shall oppose "wickedness in high places," the change of County lines, and the needless agitation of local questions; shall endeavor to have a reform inaugurated in reference to Indian affairs; a matter in which our State is deeply interested. In the election of a United States Senator, I shall endeavor to have the best man in the State selected for that post—one of moral honesty, virtue and integrity. We believe our proud young State has such men, and that one can be found who will confer honor upon us, at the national capital. I shall aid by all possible means the general government in prosecuting the war against the rebellious State. Peace is no peace, but a mockery, unless established upon correct principles.

O. F. SHORT.

County Attorney.

We are authorized to announce JUDGE AZEL SPALDING as a candidate for the office of County Attorney at the ensuing election.

To the voters of Jefferson County:

I hereby announce myself as an Unconditional Union Candidate for the office of County Superintendent of Schools for this County, at the ensuing election.

A. E. PARKER.

To the voters of Jefferson County:

I hereby announce myself as an Independent Union Candidate for the office of Clerk of the District Court of Jefferson County; and should you choose to honor me with the position, I will endeavor to the best of my ability to prove myself worthy of your confidence.

E. S. CONWELL.

To voters of Third Judicial District:

Outside of the mysteries, plans, or intrigues of partisan politics, I announce myself as an Independent Candidate, at the ensuing election, for the office of Judge of the Third Judicial District Court.

S. B. WHITE.

To the Unqualified Union Voters of Jefferson County:

FELLOW CITIZENS: I hereby place my name before you as an Independent Union Candidate for State Senator, and shall thankfully receive and be grateful for your suffrage, should you bestow the same upon me; and if elected, will, to the best of my ability, faithfully serve my Country and County as your Senator.

JAMES H. JONES.

MR. EDITOR: Permit, through the columns of your valuable paper, to mention that WILLIAM M. KINCAID, Esq., of Winchester, will be a candidate for the office of Clerk of the District Court at the November election. Mr. Kincaid is eminently qualified to fill the above mentioned position, and from what I can ascertain from different parts of the county, seems to be the choice of the people. He is a gentleman in every sense of the word; a good scholar, a ready penman, and attentive to business. He will give more strength to the Republican ticket this fall than any other man in Jefferson.

Truly, PRO BONO PUBLICO.

A clear stream reflects all objects that are upon its shore, but is unsullied by them; so it should be with our hearts—they should show the effect of all objects, and yet remain unharmed by any.

Selected Poetry.

"NO OTHER LOSS."

BY A. N. F., IN RURAL NEW-YORKER.
A victory won, but "no other loss,"
Save only a private, late in the day;
No captain or colonel, only a boy—
A drummer-boy shot in the fray.
Only a drummer? but where was the fight?
And I pray you, tell me his name;
For my Willie's hand is stationed somewhere
Along on that white-tented plain.

Not gay Willie Lee? Oh, tell me not that!
Not the bright-eyed, sweet Willie Lee;
His mother's fond hope, her joy and her pride—
No! not he! he is surely not he!
Not Willie shot down and buried at night—
At midnight, and no one knows where;
No mother's fond hand to close the dark eyes,
Or soothe the curls of the curling brown hair.

Dead? buried? oh, no! he scarcely a month
Since I kissed his soft, boyish cheek.
As he brushed from his eyelids the glittering tear
He thought it unmanly to weep.
Dead? buried? oh, no! my Willie, come back!
To my mother's lone cottage return;
There, at the window, she patiently waits,
And all brightly the hearth-fires burn.

Alas! he is dead! and never again
Such a stripling mother behold
The dear, loving eyes, and red, laughing lips
Of Willie, so brave and so bold.
All alone on the battle-field that night,
Mid the carnage so fierce and so wild,
Alone he went down to his soldier's grave,
My only, my beautiful child!

"No other loss!" they say it so coldly,
As though it were only a feather,
As though no widow mother were waiting,
And weeping, and wailing alone!
"No other loss!" Why, a thousand men killed
Would have been a small grief to me,
Compared with my boy, my only, my all,
My beautiful child, sweet Willie Lee.

They tell me other mothers are weeping
And grieving as sorely as I,
But little enough doth it comfort me
That others thus bitterly cry.
Alas, no other loss! most surely 'tis true,
I have nothing left me to lose;
But Heaven grant that those who weep
May receive their little ones.

Alas! just such a loss—I'll pray till I die,
That just such a dark, deadly pall,
A shadow as cruel and heavy as mine,
On those traitorous rebels may fall!
On those vile, selfish men, with vile, selfish aims,
In their crafty, ambitious schemes,
Who seek not what was and is right,
A fond mother's holiest dreams.

Selected Sketch.

THE DOUBLE SACRIFICE.

"And do you really mean to go," said Luella Morris to her betrothed husband, Herbert Woolcott.

"I must, darling," he replied; his five eyes fairly blazing with enthusiasm; "I should forever despise myself if I were to remain at home now, when my country is calling for help in this hour of her sorest need. You would not have me stay here in cowardly idleness, would you?" he asked.

A slight purple shade passed over the fair young face at his side, and a mist of tears softened the luster of the beautiful brown eyes, but Luella had a brave and patriotic, as well as a loving heart; so the shelly lips parted with a faint smile and she gently answered, "No; but still it seems to me that my heart will break if I find you on the battle field, and yet—and yet, I am glad you wish to go, for I could hardly love you, if you did not."

"Bless you, darling, for those words. But you know, dearest, that I am going to a scene of danger, and perhaps of death; let me give you my name before I go, so that I can provide for you as I wish during my absence, and feel that I hear the only charm of a wife's love to guard me in the lonely camp or on the battle field."

It was a sad and solemn bridal, commemorated that beautiful summer's morning. All nature was blessing with beauty and vocal with melody, for the flowers will bloom and the bright birds sing, although sorrow and death walk hand in hand through the stricken land. The sacred vows were spoken, the kiss of love pressed upon those quivering lips, and he was gone.

She heard the inspiring strains of martial music, she saw the proud tread of the thousand young men who were going with him to do battle for the right; her heart was well nigh breaking; and yet she struggled to repress her tears, and bravely smiled upon him as he turned to take the last look, and then sank fainting into the arms of her pastor, who had accompanied her, and who had watched with misty eyes the noble forms of his two manly boys among the rest.

Long and lonely seemed the days to Luella Woolcott, as she sat in the beautiful home which her husband's thoughtful love had provided for her, but all too soon came the bloody conflict which raged on the fearful field of Antietam. A dispatch was placed in her hands by her pastor; its words were few, but oh, how they burned into her heart: Lieut. Herbert Woolcott badly wounded!

Again the purple shadow passed over her face and the little hands were suddenly clasped upon her side as though some terrible pain had centered there. Oh, Mr. Scofield," she cried, "I must

go to him, I cannot stay away, will you go with me? Just then she noticed the pale, sad look fastened upon her pastor's face, which brought a new thought to her. "How selfish my own sorrow makes me," she said. "I have not even asked after your dear boys."

The pale lips quivered at the good old man answered her implied question, "Charles and Willie fell side by side. Willie still lives, and I am going to him to-morrow."

"I will go with you," said the young wife.

"My dear child, it will be a sad place for one so young, so delicate as yourself. I will do all I can for your husband, and if possible have him sent home."

"Oh, do not think," she cried "that I can stay here while he is suffering there—I must go."

"See, they are bearing some poor soldier to his grave, let us wait until they pass." Luella Woolcott trembled and grew faint as she looked at the little band of sad-faced soldiers who were bearing their late comrade to his shallow grave. "No useless coffin inclosed his breast," but surely she knew the scarf which crossed over his pulseless bosom for her own fingers had wrought it, her own hands bound it around her young husband's breast as he left her for war. With a cry of anguish she knelt by the side of the silent sleeper.

It was indeed Herbert Woolcott, lying there so pale, so cold so still; on his broad brow the purple mark where a traitor's bullet entered. Her pastor sprang to her, and to the questioning look of the soldiers said, "he was her husband." They placed the robe over the grave, which they had followed with sorrowful hearts for him, and reverently stood back while she took the last, last look. She knelt by his side, she covered the cold face with passionate tears, she pressed her lips to his, but they, still beautiful in death, gave back no response. "Oh, Herbert speak to me once, only once more, my love! Alas, alas! he hears me not! He can speak no more! Oh, my poor heart!" The purple shadow, deeper, darker than before, passed over her face, and suddenly the beautiful hand was laid upon the lifeless bosom before her.

"Come, my dear child," said Mr. Scofield, "let me assist you to arise and direct your anguished thoughts to that blessed land where I feel your husband is." In vain he spoke, she heard him not, the young heart was broken.

They wrapped her with him in his soldier's cloak, and close to the heart so dear to her in life, the young wife rests with her soldier husband—a double sacrifice upon the altar of our country. Oh, how many, many another as precious has been laid upon her altar, how many more must still perish there, ere she is preserved and redeemed! And yet, is she not worthy, three-fold worthy of them all?

RURAL NEW-YORKER.

Miscellaneous.

Strange Swiss Costumes.

The following usages formerly prevailed in Zurich. In 1550 a young lady received for her marriage dowry a double bed with curtains, and two foot-stools to climb up to it; six table-cloths, six handkerchiefs, and twelve dish-towels, twenty-four combs, and twelve caps, thirty-four doilies, five ornamental dresses, fourteen other articles of dress, bracelets of thirteen rows of agate, garnet and cornelian; silver girdles for keys, and a palm-book with silver clasps. The trousseau cost about three hundred dollars, and she received four hundred dollars in money. In 1663 ladies were forbidden to wear girdles worth more than three guineas English; and gentlemen must not sport wigs weighing several pounds, costing perhaps 150 or 200. In the beginning of this century Sunday began to be observed in the modern way. No one was allowed to labor except shoemakers and tailors, who were permitted to finish a piece of work already commenced if they could get it done before the sermon. It was at this period that powder began to be worn upon the hair, and that gentlemen first tried the influence of presents in wooing. Women of bad reputation were obliged to wear red caps in the streets.

In 1614 the law prescribed the limits of a wedding dinner: A pastry, two dishes of warm soup, two dishes of cold soup, one-boiled fowl, one piece of smoked meat, half a calf's head and pluck, smoked sausages, smoked beef, two dishes of rice, two dishes of beets and other vegetables.

Second Course.—Two joints of roast veal, one pair of fowls, one pair of doves, roast sausage, half of a roast hare, two dishes of peas, two dishes of plums.

Evening.—One dish of waters and wine.

If any one wished to give a larger entertainment than this, he must ask permission of Government. During the last half of this century, tea and chocolate became common, and people

smoked mastic and little tapers of juniper wood and berries. During the seventeenth century, three hundred and thirty-six persons were condemned to death; ninety-eight of whom were women, and no amelioration occurred in the modes of punishment. In the beginning of the eighteenth century, coffee became as common as wine, and snuff was used, but was forbidden in church, "as a hindrance to heart culture."

Truthful Hints by "Ike Marvel."

The shrewd, hard-working farmer who is really making money at his business, seldom says much about the profitability of farming. "He loves to croak rather; he counts his business a hard one; he affects a tone of discouragement."

"The hens that lay golden eggs never cackle; at least we never heard them." It is the retired citizen, the amateur farmer, who is so sanguine about profits. "He loves to tell you in a confidential way, what his last year's sales of butter amounted to, and how many tons of good English hay his reclaimed meadow will carry to the acre. He somehow seems to entertain the belief that every farmer who thinks he is spending a great deal of money, with very little return; and he is nervously anxious to talk down any such fallacy. Expenses are large, certainly; but a great many of them go to investment, he tells us. Digging rocks is heavy business, to be sure; but once out of the way, and the Michigan plough will not have its nose broken again. Trenching, too, is a thing of very easy cost—particularly where the soil is underlain with hard pan or boulders; but then—what vegetables and all come of it!"

It is not to be denied that "For a man who is thoroughly in earnest, farming offers a grand field for effort; but the man who is only half in earnest, who thinks that costly barns, and imported stock, and smooth fences, and a nicely laid lawn are the great objects of attainment, may accomplish pretty results, but they will be small ones. So the dilettante farmer, who has a smattering of science, whose head is filled with nostrums, who thinks his salt will do it all; who does a crop now to feebleness, and now to unnatural exuberance; who dwells over his fermentations, while the neighbors' oxen are breaking into his rye field; who has no managing capacity, no breadth of vision, who sends two men to accomplish the work of one—let such a man give up all hope of making farming a lucrative pursuit."—The New Englander.

A Temperance Argument.

"Intemperance," said Mrs. Partridge, solemnly, with a rich emotion in her tone, "is like an after-dinner speech, at the same time bringing her hand, containing the snuff she had just brought from the box, down upon her knee, while Lion, with a violent sneeze, walked away to another part of the room. "Intemperance is a monster with a good many heads, and creeps into the bosoms of families like any conch or an alligator, and destroys its peace and happiness forever. But, thank Heaven, a new Erie has dawned upon the world, and soon the hydrant-headed monster will be overturned! Isn't it strange that men will put enemies in their mouths to steal away their heads?"

"Don't you regard taking snuff as a vice?" we asked, innocently.

"If it is," she replied with the same old argument, "it's so small a one that Providence won't take any notice of it; besides, my oil factories would miss it!" "Ah, kind old heart it was a drunkard's argument!"

"Seating the Meeting-House."

This practice used to bring out some of the most amusing traits of human nature. Somebody of course was generally seated too low. One man was seated out of place as he thought, and was complaining bitterly about it.

"I pay seventy-five cents a year for the preaching," says Mr. Smith, "and I won't do it any longer. I'll sign off."

"Oh! said a blunt old gentleman whom they called Uncle Nicholas, "it makes a very little difference where people sit. We go to meeting, Mr. Smith, to get good, to hear the prayers and sermons, not to quarrel about our seats. We can't sit in one pew, Mr. Smith."

"That is true, Uncle Nicholas, and I don't want anything unreasonable."

"No, Mr. Smith. Let us hear the words, and that is all we want. I had as lief sit behind the door as anywhere, only let me hear the words."

Mat and his Hurryback.

Old Mr. Simms had in his employ a man named Matthew—called Mat for short. When told to do anything he always made some blunder, more or less egregious; and it was only his perfect willingness to do anything required of him that kept him in his situation. One morning Mr. Simms summoned him into his presence. "Well, Mat," said he, "I want you to take the barrow and go down to the ironmonger's and get my new grindstone, and hurry back."

On arriving at the shop Mat walked in, and addressed the shopman with: "Mr. Simms sent me after his grindstone and hurryback, sir."

"There's the stone alongside of that plough; what else did you say he wanted?"

"His hurryback, sir."

"Yes, sir."

"I'd like to know what sort of a thing that is; are you sure he said hurryback?"

"Av course I am; sez he to me, 'Mat' sez he, 'go you down to the ironmonger's, and ax him for my new grindstone and hurryback'; and sez I to myself, 'what the deuce do he mean?'"

A smile lit up the countenance of the shopman; he saw the man's mistake, and being desirous of running the joke further, said:

"I'll see if I can see anything about it in the book."

He opened the one nearest to him, and ran his eyes over half a dozen pages. "Ah, here it is!" said he.

"Tell Mr. Simms that it is not finished yet, but will be ready in two or three days."

"Well, Mat," said Simms, "I see you've got the stone—now tell me how many blunders you've made."

"Niver a wan, sir! I couldn't bring the hurry back wid me, sir, because it wasn't done."

"I didn't tell you to bring any hurryback with you."

"Faith, but ye did, sir."

"I told you to hurry back—meaning to make haste back, and you've made a blunder, as usual, and the shopman has made a fool of you."

WEDDING CEREMONIES ON THE ALPS.—There are still many of the old customs remaining, of which one of the most peculiar is the wedding, which has some of the features of those in the northern part of Germany. An orator is the bearer of invitations, who is often the village schoolmaster. He makes a formal speech before every house, which all the people run to hear. On the morning of the wedding he accompanies the bridegroom and the groomsmen to the house of the bride, where they breakfast together; after which he makes a speech to the father and mother, recounting to them all the noble qualities of the bridegroom, and beseeching them to give their daughter willingly away, as he is sure a long life of happiness is in store for her. A rival orator then "takes the word," and presents the dark side of the picture, all the difficulties of the new position, and the virtues of the bride. After this parliamentary discussion, the bride departs with her betrothed for church, amidst prayers, and tears, and good wishes; and to keep up her spirits, musicians cheer her way with song.—The Cottages of the Alps.

RELIGION OF THE AFFECTIONS.—Notwithstanding the high place which the affections hold in the natural economy of man, and the abundant opportunities for their culture and development furnished by the very constitution of the family, but little value is placed thereon in what is called the "superior education" of mankind. The class of men that lead the Christian world have but a small development of affection. Patriotism is the only form of voluntary love which is popular with such men to praise—that only for its pecuniary value; charity seems thought a weakness; to be praised only on Sundays; and the better week-day virtues, friendship is deemed too romantic for a trading town. Philanthropy is mocked at; it is the standing butt of the editor, who hurls his shafts, making up in his barb and venom for his arrow's lack of length and point.—Theodore Parker.

FLAME is one of the most beautiful things in the world. Not a sunset sky in summer, not a full blown tropic flower, is more brilliant than flame; flame is the flower of fire. The ivy has no splendor like the mantling flame; it redens like the thyrus of the gods.

The man deserving the name is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others rather than for himself; whose high purpose is adopted on just principles, and never abandoned while heaven and earth affords means of accomplishing it. He is one who will neither seek an indirect advantage by a specious word, nor take an evil path to secure a real good purpose.

Beware of being too much obliged by great men. They will be apt to impose hardships upon thee. It may prove such a slavery as thou canst not easily get out of.

Bright Fools.

In Ramsay's *Reminiscences*, there is an interesting chapter illustrating this subject. The "parish idiots" say some of the brightest things in the books. The congregation of Lunan in Forfarshire were in the habit of sleeping under the *segmoids*, Jamie Fraser, however, the parish idiot, always kept awake. The minister very naturally was annoyed by this habit, and one Sunday undertook to reprove it: "You see even Jamie Fraser the idiot, does not fall asleep, as so many of you are doing."

Jamie did not relish this personality. Few people like to be singled out and talked to in meeting, and this direct allusion roused Jamie's latent wit, and he replied: "An' I hadna been an idiot, I wad ha' been sleeping, too."

Another of the parish idiots lived in Peebles, and was known as Daft Yedie. Daft Yedie once met a gentleman with a club-foot, and fell to philosophizing on so strange a phenomenon. He went up and surveyed it attentively, and said, compassionately, "It's a great pity—it spoils the boot."

Daft Yedie had got hold of one end of a great truth, for it is a fair question whether fops in general are worth the leather and cloth which must be accommodated to their person.

Idiotism manifests a religious nature sometimes very strongly. John McLymont was for preaching, and one Sunday he got into the pulpit in advance of the minister.

"Come down, sir, immediately!" said the minister, on arriving.

"Na, na," was the reply; "jist ye come up wi' me. This is a perverse generation, and, faith, they need us baith."

Mr. Ramsay cites another case among the parish idiots, showing an activity of the religious nature so intense as to shatter the physical organism, and set the mind free on its endless progress. The poor boy asked permission to come to the Lord's table. The clergyman at first refused, thinking no doubt the rite would be desecrated, and that the petitioner did not know what he said. At length the clergyman yielded, however, to the earnestness of the poor boy, who was deeply and even violently affected by the ceremony. All the way home he was heard to exclaim: "Oh, I have seen the pretty man!" referring to the Lord Jesus, whom he approached in the sacrament. When he went to rest at night he kept repeating the words, "Oh, I have seen the pretty man!" He did not come down in the morning, and on going to his bed they found the body had given way—the soul had left it and risen among the glories it had thirsted for.

EYES RIGHT?—A friend, while talking of his skill in the skating line, was boasting to another that he could cut any letter large or small, with his skates upon the ice.

"How do you manage to dot your i's?" asked the other.

"Oh! I easily enough," was the reply. "I cut the body of the letter, and in putting on the turn at the bottom, my heels generally slip from under me and I come down in a sitting position, making the most perfect 'dot' you ever saw."

THE OTHER CAVED.—Sindey Smith tells of a clergyman who was jogging along the road till he came to a turnpike.

"What is to pay?"

"Pay, sir, for what?" asked the turnpike gate-keeper.

"Why for my horse, to be sure."

"Your horse, sir, what horse?"

"There is no horse, sir?"

"No horse?" said he suddenly looking down between his legs. "God bless me? I thought I was on horseback."

THE NATIVES OF ALGERIA.—The higher the position of the Moorish lady the less is her mind likely to be kindled by education. For nearly thirty years have the French given laws to Algeria, and yet there is not one of the natives who has adopted a single European idea, or deviated in the slightest degree from the traditional habits and institutions of his ancestors.—The Corsair and his Conqueror.

A HUNGRY WIT.—A gentleman dining at a fashionable hotel where servants were few and far between, dispatched a lad among them for a cut of beef. After a long time, the lad returned, and placing it before the faint and hungry gentleman, was asked, "Are you the lad who took my plate for this beef?" "Yes, sir," "Bless me," returned the hungry wit, "how you have grown!"

An envious man repines as much at the manner in which his neighbors live as if he maintained them.

Half a million packs of cards are made annually in London.

Farm and Household.

Atmospheric Food of Plants.

A seed which weighs much less than a grain, sown in good soil, grows to a plant composed of starch, dextrine and cellulose, which is found to contain ten, twenty, or perhaps a hundred times as much of these substances as the original seed. About ninety-five per cent. of all this increased weight is taken from the air. The oxygen and hydrogen of plants is no doubt partly obtained from the decomposition of water. The carbon cannot be assimilated from coal, which is hard, insoluble, and not sufficiently divided to enter the rootlets of plants; but that soft state known as carbonic acid, furnishes a constant supply. About six parts in ten thousand of air is carbonic acid. Nitrogen is also obtained from the ammonia of the air. These substances are very soluble in water, and are brought down in rains and dews to the roots, where they are absorbed and assimilated. The sources of carbonic acid and ammonia are the destruction of vegetation. Every breath we breathe throws off these substances, and every plant that decays furnishes them. If it were not for a continued growth of plants to take up and form these substances into vegetable matter, they would soon accumulate in the air to so great an extent as to render the earth uninhabitable. In dry, sultry weather, they do sometimes accumulate, to such an extent as to render the atmosphere quite poisonous; and so they do in long continued damp weather, when the decay of vegetation is more rapid than its assimilation.

From these facts, we derive the following important conclusions:—First, the health of a country is very much modified by the quantity of vegetation growing there. If as much exists as is necessary to take up the carbonic acid, ammonia, and other gases, as fast as they are formed, the air will be kept pure. One of the great offices of vegetation is the purification of the air.—There are many places where malaria exists to such an extent, by the rapid decay of plants, without as rapid a growth, as to render the regions unhealthy. Such places can be made more healthy by securing such a growth as shall take up these poisonous gases, and render them inert. There are frequently about houses and barns, sources of decay that render the air impure. If they cannot be removed, some rapid-growing plant should be grown near them to purify the air. Most certainly should the pig-sty be surrounded by such plants as the sunflower.

The second conclusion is one of an agricultural nature. If 95 per cent. of the food of plants comes from the air, it is important that we know how to take advantage of this great source of plant food. If it were taken up through the leaves entirely, we could do but little; but as most of it goes into the soil and is taken up by the roots, we infer that those soils which are in a condition to take most advantage of this source of food. Hence, soils that are compact, so that rains, loaded with carbonic acid and ammonia, run from the surface, rather than enter it, carrying these substances away; or those which do not allow the air to be constantly circulating through them in dry weather, depositing whatever it may contain, cannot be expected to produce good crops. Such a mechanical condition of the soil as will allow the passage of air and water through it, is of the first importance in agriculture. Take care of this, and the chemist will also take care of itself. Soils, comparatively poor, often produce good crops, when they have the best possible mechanical condition.—These hints may be acted upon at almost any season, and especially when we are cultivating our corn and potatoes, or preparing fallows for wheat.

BURNED PUDDING.—One quart of milk, three tablespoonfuls of flour, made as you would thicken milk. When nearly cold, add two eggs, and let it simmer enough to cook them; sweeten a little when quite cold, strew sugar on the top and burn it with a red-hot shovel.

PIE MADE OF SODA CRACKERS.—Take three soda crackers, pour on boiling water and soak them until soft; eight tablespoonfuls of sugar, four eggs, beat the whites separate; juice of two lemons, grate off the yellow from the rind and put into it. Two tablespoonfuls of corn starch adds much to it.

CREAM PIES.—One quart of milk boiled, one egg, and two tablespoonfuls of flour, braided together and pour in—sugar and lemon; bake the under-crust alone, then put in the mixture.

ORANGE PIE.—Two oranges chopped up, sweetened, and one egg, baked in flat plates.